

Desert Tear (Another Poem)

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Summary: Another go at poetry! :) Please tell me what you think!

Desert Tear (Another Poem)

>
 __My Notes: _Thank you to all who left comments on my last poetry entry. I really appreciate and value all the great (and needed!) advice. Feel free to leave more on this one, I hope I grew somewhat from my last poem. Thank you for your time!

>

>
 **Desert Tear

>

>
 *****You were a child of the desert

>

> Rising up from the shifting sand,

>
 A spirit so powerful and dark

>

> It was only a matter of time until you conquered the land

>

> Born in the harshest of conditions

>
 Raised in the burning desert heat

>

> You grew to be hearty and cruel

>
 It appeared you were unable to be beat

>

>
 You lead the thieves of the sand

>

> Gave a group of outcasts a reason to rise

>
 The people rejected by the rest of Hyrule you took in

>

> Made them into warriors with your crafty lies

>

> Soon the desert was alive again

>
 The winds whistled with joy

>

> Finally the desert would have her proud leader!

>
 All that, of course... before the boy
>

>
 That cursed Hero of Time
>

> A mere child playing a war game

>
 All of Hyrule babbled about his bravery
>

> Even Nabooru seemed blinded by his fame!

>

> The boy came at you with his sharpened blade

>
 And you fought him with might
>

> The desert was silently watching

>
 The battle between darkness and light
>

>
 The fight came to an end
>

> And only one foe there appeared

>
 It was the Hero of Time!
>

> All burned and blood smeared

>

> Hyrule rejoiced for their hero's victory

>
 The land cried out with cheer
>

> For they were free from their oppressor

>
 But for the desert came true her real fear
>

>
 Forgotten was you on that day
>

> By all of the good beasts

>
 As the desert mourned
>

> The rest of Hyrule were having feasts

>

> So left alone was the desert

>
 To grieve in solemn silence
>

> To encase you in her bosom

>
 To ease away that day's relived violence
>

>
 You were the desert's son
>

> Her sly and cunning child

>
 Because of you she was proud
>

> For you were never meek nor mild

>

> But in the end you died as all men do

>
 As the desert shed a tear
>

> You were the craftiest of all beings, Ganondorf,

>
 And your story all shall hear
>

End
file.